

And our induction full of prosperous hope.

Hot. Lord Mortimer, and coosen Glendower will you sit downe
and Vncle Worcester; a plague vpon it, I haue forgot the map.

Glendow. No, here it is; sit Coosen Percie, sit good Coosen
Hotspur, for by that name, as oft as Lancaster doth speak of you,
his cheeke lookes pale, and with a rising sight he wisheth you in
heauen.

Hot. And you in hell, as oft as he heares Owen Glendower
spoke of.

Glen. I cannot blame him; at my natiuitie
The front of heauen was full of fierie shapes
Of burning cressets, and at my birth
The frame and foundation of the earth
Shaked like a coward.

Hot. Why, so it would haue done at the same season, if your
mothers cat had but kittened, though your selfe had neuer bene
borne.

Glen. I say, the earth did shake when I was borne.

Hot. And I say, the earth was not of my minde,
If you suppose, as fearing you, it shooke.

Glen. The heauens were all on fire, the earth did tremble,

Hot. Oh, then the earth shooke to see the heauens on fire,
And not in feare of your natiuitie,

Diseased nature oftentimes breakes forth

In strange eruptions, oft the teeming earth

Is with a kind of collicke pincht and vex't,

By the imprisoning of vnruly winde

Within her wombe, which for enlargment striding,

Shakes the old Beldame earth, and topples downe

Steeple and moss-grown towers. At your birth

Our Grandam earth, hauing this distemperature

In passion shooke.

Glen. Coosen, of many men

I do not beare these crossings: giue me leaue

To tell you once againe, that at my birth

The front of heauen was full of fierie shapes,

The goates ran from the mountaines, and the heardes

Were strangely clamorous to the frighted fields.

These

These signes haue markt me ex

And all the courses of my life

I am not in the roule of comm

Where is he liuing, clipt in wi

That chides the bancks of Engl

Which calls me pupill, or hath

And bring him out, that is but v

Can trace me in the tedious wa

And hold me pace, in deepe ex

Hot. I thinke, there's no man l

lle to dinner.

Mor. Peace, coosen Percy, y

Glen. I can call spirits from th

Hot. Why, so can I, or so can

But will they come, when you

Glen. Why, I can teach you

Hot. And I can teach thee, co

By telling trueth. Tell trueth a

If thou haue power to rayse him

And ile be sworne, I haue powe

Oh while you liue, tell trueth a

Mor. Come, come, no more

Glen. Three times hath Henr

Against my power, thrice from

And sandy bottomd Seuerne ha

Bootles home, and weather-be

Hot. Home without bootes,

How scapes he agues, in the de

Glen. Come, here is the map, sh

According to our threefold ord

Mor. The Arch-deacon hath d

Into three limits, very equally

England from Trent, and Seue

By South and East, is to my part

All Westward, Wales beyond

And all the fertile land within t

To Owen Glendower: and dea

The remnant Northward, lying